

## Pretty Please

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# Pretty Please

by [jonnimir](#)

## Summary

Kinktober Day 19: Straitjacket.

Hannibal requires a bit more persuasion before agreeing to cooperate with the plan to capture the Dragon.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Will approached Hannibal's cell with his conversation with Alana and Jack still fresh in his mind. When Alana had said Hannibal would only agree to their plan if Will said "please," Will had promised he'd say "pretty please," and he intended to keep that promise—he had just as much reason as the others to want the plan to move forward, though those reasons were secretly very different. He knew this could be a challenge; Hannibal was surely bitter about their last conversation and wanting a confrontation. And he would expect Will to make it worth his while.

By the time Will arrived, Hannibal was already restrained—in a straitjacket, strapped to a cart, not dissimilar to how Will had been restrained when he was temporarily moved from BSHCI. It was strange to be on this side of things and see Hannibal so thoroughly restrained, his chin raised with as much dignity as he could have when strapped into such a contraption.

The nurses fell back a good distance, but remained in the cell, and a guard stood by the door to the hallway. Will looked them over, cautious. The guard, at least, had been told what to expect from this encounter—Jack had been insistent that Will do "whatever it takes" to convince Hannibal of this plan. From his perspective, it would be worth it in the end, the only way to solve both problems at once.

Hannibal watched him approach, expression inscrutable.

"I thought you said your goodbyes," Hannibal said, his voice icy. Will didn't flinch.

"We've one last goodbye between us."

"You didn't just say goodbye, though, did you? That extra bit at the end. What was that you said?"

Will tilted his head slightly, wary. "You wouldn't have turned yourself in unless I rejected you."

"Yes. That extra bit. I believe that's what they call a 'mic drop.' You dropped the mic, Will, but here you are having to come back and pick it up again."

Reasserting his dominance here, it seemed. Will smiled slightly, not yielding to the attempt to fluster him. "I knew you would keep running if I kept chasing you. I knew you wanted me to know exactly where I could find you. When I needed you."

"And you did."

Will licked his lips and very deliberately said, "I need you, Hannibal."

Hannibal's eyes narrowed shrewdly. "Yes. Alana did tell me how you plan to catch the Dragon. Is that all this is, Will? A visit in the name of the law? I think you and I both know that's not why you're here."

"Alana said you'd only agree to our plan if I asked you myself and said please."

“And why do you think that was?”

Will inhaled and exhaled, watching him appraisingly. “You wanted me to come crawling back. Humble myself by admitting that I needed you.”

“I have always wanted you to admit you need me. But not for the sake of catching criminals.”

Will swallowed, hesitant to respond to the undertone he sensed. “You were my paddle. My source of stability, until you chose to take it away. And then... you were my guide. Leading me through the Inferno, showing me all its delights.”

“And then who was I? Once we parted ways and my mentorship ended.”

“A temptation,” he said quietly.

Hannibal’s eyes glinted. Will could see his hands flex inside the bounds of his straitjacket, and he couldn’t help taking a step closer. It was clear Hannibal wanted to move freely, wanted to be able to prowl around him. But he was completely wrapped inside the white cloth like a cocoon.

“Are you arguing that I was the serpent in your Garden of Eden, offering you the knowledge that you dare not seek alone?”

“No. My life was no heavenly garden to start with. But...” He stepped closer again. “If it was, I don’t think you’d be the serpent—I think you’d be the apple. The sin itself, not the salesman.”

Hannibal’s lips curled into a small smile. “Are you saying you’re tempted to have a taste of me?”

Those words shouldn’t have been spoken with such heat. Will’s eyes were fixed on his, and his tongue slipped out to wet his lips. “Is that what you want from me?”

“That would very much depend on the sense of the word, Will.”

Will paused. He knew, very clearly, the insinuation there. He also knew that this conversation was being recorded. And that there were people right there, keeping an eye on things in case Hannibal tried to cause trouble.

“Let’s assume we’re talking about the same sense of the word, then. Is that what you want? Is that what this is about?”

“This is not about my desires, Will. It’s about yours. And what *you* need from me. Tell me, do you find yourself satisfied with what you get from your wife?” Will stopped in his tracks, and another slight smile passed over Hannibal’s face. “I don’t think you do. I believe you leave at least some of your desires unfulfilled and inaccessible. And I expect you to admit to it, if I am correct.”

“To what end?”

“My own gratification, and, ultimately, your satisfaction.”

Will just stared at him, brows knit together.

“Will. I don’t expect you to do anything you don’t *want* to. But if you want my help—if you *need* me to help you catch the Dragon—I expect you to be honest with me about your other needs, and allow me to fulfill them.”

“I’ve always been honest with you. You’re the one who’s withheld information.”

“Is that so?” Hannibal looked calculatingly at him. “Then tell me, Will, if you’re averse to withholding information. Have you ever felt a need for me that went beyond the platonic? Any sexual fantasies over the past few years, no matter how fleeting, that have not involved your wife?”

Even though the turn in conversation was hardly surprising, Will felt a brief wave of nausea—apparently they really were having this conversation right here, right now. In front of everyone. But there was no chance of them having it privately, so he swallowed back his discomfort and said, “Once or twice.”

“Tell me about them.”

Will chewed his lip, and noticed as he did that Hannibal’s eyes were drawn to it, lingering. He reminded himself that Hannibal wasn’t the only one to hold power here.

Quietly, but a bit more confidently, he said: “I thought about what lay underneath your suits—or jumpsuits, nowadays. About how you’d look. All the parts I’d never seen before.”

“Did you imagine how I would feel, too? How we might touch?”

“Yes.” He felt he should take the lead, try to redirect the conversation, but he felt almost hypnotized—like he just had to follow Hannibal’s voice, and they would get exactly where they needed to be.

“And where would such intimacy lead? Would you take me inside you? Or would you, perhaps, be inside me?”

The image was enough to give him pause, and he had difficulty putting words together. “I mostly thought about... how it would feel to hold you in my mouth.”

As soon as he said it aloud, he could feel himself blush brightly enough to be seen across the room, and silently cursed himself for not being nearly as prepared as he thought he was.

“Ah.” Hannibal said it lightly, but with satisfaction. “And how does it feel to be so close to me in the flesh now, yet still be denied?”

Will smiled grimly. “I doubt you’d deny me.”

“Do you?”

Will stepped forward, directing a long, meaningful look downward. “Would you?”

Hannibal met his eyes, taking his time to respond. “No,” he said. “I wouldn’t deny you. Not if you needed it badly enough to ask.”

There was a clear dare in his words and gaze. Will knew, then, that this was what Hannibal was going to ask of him. The price of his cooperation. He hesitated.

“We’re a bit limited by the circumstances, if you’ve noticed,” he said.

“Yes, my hands are quite literally tied. But yours are not.”

“And our...” Will’s eyes flickered over to nurses who loomed not that far away. “Audience?”

Hannibal smiled, and cleared his throat. He said, in a markedly louder voice. “Alana, would you be so kind as to call these nurses further away to give us some privacy? And perhaps lock the cell door if you’re concerned about Will’s intentions once he nears me.”

Will’s face heated up. He was more vividly aware than ever of how many people were listening in to this conversation, Alana included. And Alana was too smart to not know exactly what he was asking.

He imagined her face, stuck between distaste and determination, needing Hannibal to go through with this for their own purposes. And after what seemed like an eternity, the guard near the door approached and waved the nurses out. Then he locked the cell door, and said through the glass, “Dr. Bloom feels more comfortable if I remain in the room, so I’ll be at the door. Will, she wants you to know that she’s keeping an eye on this, and wants you to think very carefully about your next step.”

Then he walked back to his post.

Will grit his teeth. If Alana thought that warning was likely to make him play it safe, she was wrong. It just made him feel like she was tightening a leash, and he wanted to see how hard he could pull before it snapped.

Hannibal smirked, as if he knew exactly what Will was thinking. “Now that the door is locked, I’m sure you could remove my restraints. No concerns of me escaping.”

“I’m not going to untie you,” Will said firmly.

“More’s the pity. And how do you intend to get anywhere without doing so?”

Will scanned the ensemble. “Your straitjacket isn’t attached to your jumpsuit. I can reach under it to unzip you.”

“Then the question remains if you will make your request.”

He took one more step toward Hannibal, until he was just a breath away. “I need you, Hannibal,” he murmured. And lowered his eyes briefly, deferentially. “In my mouth. Please.”

Hannibal smiled with satisfaction. "Then you may have me."

So Will reached under the straitjacket to ease the zipper down the front of Hannibal's jumpsuit. It was an awkward attempt, requiring pushing and pulling from both above and below the straitjacket, and his arm was tightly squeezed between Hannibal's arms and body, but he managed to tug it all the way down to his groin. He reached through the gap that was left, felt the waistband of his underwear, and tugged it down as best he could. Hannibal's cock fell out, and Will's hand quickly wrapped around it, feeling its warmth and heft.

He was simultaneously aware of this point of contact between himself and Hannibal, and how this would look to anyone watching on surveillance or, as it happened, just on the other side of the glass. He looked up, and that was a mistake—Hannibal looked so close, and so very hungry.

Will dropped his cock for a moment and licked his palm, not breaking eye contact, not even when he reached down again and felt blindly for Hannibal's cock. It was worth it to see Hannibal's eyes so preoccupied with the swipe of his tongue, and for their lids to droop with pleasure when Will started to stroke.

Hannibal seemed content for a moment, but then he said, quietly: "I believe you said your mouth, not your hand."

"Yeah, I did." His voice was just as quiet, and his heart started to pound in earnest. He was pretty sure when Jack had said to do "whatever it takes," he had not meant "suck Hannibal Lecter's cock," and was equally sure that the part of himself that wanted to do it didn't want it out of some loyalty to their theoretical plan. And, because he had such a clear image in his head of how this was going to look, and he couldn't help himself, he said: "They're going to see. All of them."

"Good. I want them to."

Will felt a shiver run through his entire body. It was not the tone of someone merely amused by the exhibitionism involved—he could see the dark possessiveness beneath it. Hannibal wanted everyone to see Will going to his knees for him. And Will thought maybe part of himself wanted the same thing.

So he lowered himself to the ground, though the angle was not ideal, until he was eye-level with the thing he'd been thinking about for so long. He had to admit, now that he was here, his theoretical understanding of what to do seemed woefully inadequate. He heard a distant burst of static—clearly this had set off some communication—and his face felt hot as fire.

He rested his hands on Hannibal's legs, which were tightly secured. He wondered if under different circumstances Hannibal would spread his legs for him. The idea fascinated him.

He took his cock in hand, viewing from this new, closer angle. Still uncertain, and feeling like a fumbling virgin. He couldn't stop himself from looking up to see Hannibal's face as he did so, almost seeking reassurance.

"Go ahead," Hannibal said. "Take what you need, Will."

His stomach clenched. Self-conscious, but determined, he leaned in and gave it a lick. Hannibal made a low noise of satisfaction, and Will continued. He couldn't be completely focused on the task at hand when part of his attention kept wandering to the awareness of being watched, but he did his best to emulate what he had enjoyed in the past, and Hannibal's heavy breathing suggested he was enjoying it too. It felt surreal to have the taste of him now, so intimate when their surroundings were so clinical and they were not truly alone.

Hannibal tried to thrust forward into his mouth, but he was too tightly secured, and Will felt a hint of satisfaction, pulling back until he was just teasing the tip, with Hannibal's hips pulling fruitlessly at their bounds. Dipping back down, he could hear Hannibal's restless movement inside his straitjacket, and he reached up a hand just to feel where his arms were crossed and straining.

He knew when Hannibal was close, and let the head slide out of his mouth for a moment while he looked up between his lashes. "Please," he said, just loudly enough for Hannibal to hear.

Hannibal very nearly growled at that.

Will lowered his head again and sucked him relentlessly until he came. He swallowed every drop.

He tucked his cock back in, and rezippered the jumpsuit high enough to preserve his modesty when he was ultimately unbound. Then he rose back to his feet. Hannibal looked far less well-composed than he had when Will had first entered, and he felt a surge of satisfaction.

"Is that a yes?" Will asked, raising an eyebrow. His eyes lingered on Hannibal's parted lips, then went back up to his eyes—a gesture for just the two of them to appreciate. An acknowledgement of Will's true interest here.

Hannibal just smiled.

## End Notes

I spent way too much time staring at screencaps of that straitjacket trying to figure out how things could happen without any prior planning on Will's part. This would be awkward but I think it might just about be plausible? At least as plausible as the idea that Alana would let Will stay in Hannibal's cell without an escort and wouldn't draw a line at an FBI consultant giving the Chesapeake Ripper a blowjob. But all in the name of smut.

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